



and

THE MOVIES' MOST COLORFUL WESTERN STAR—

10¢

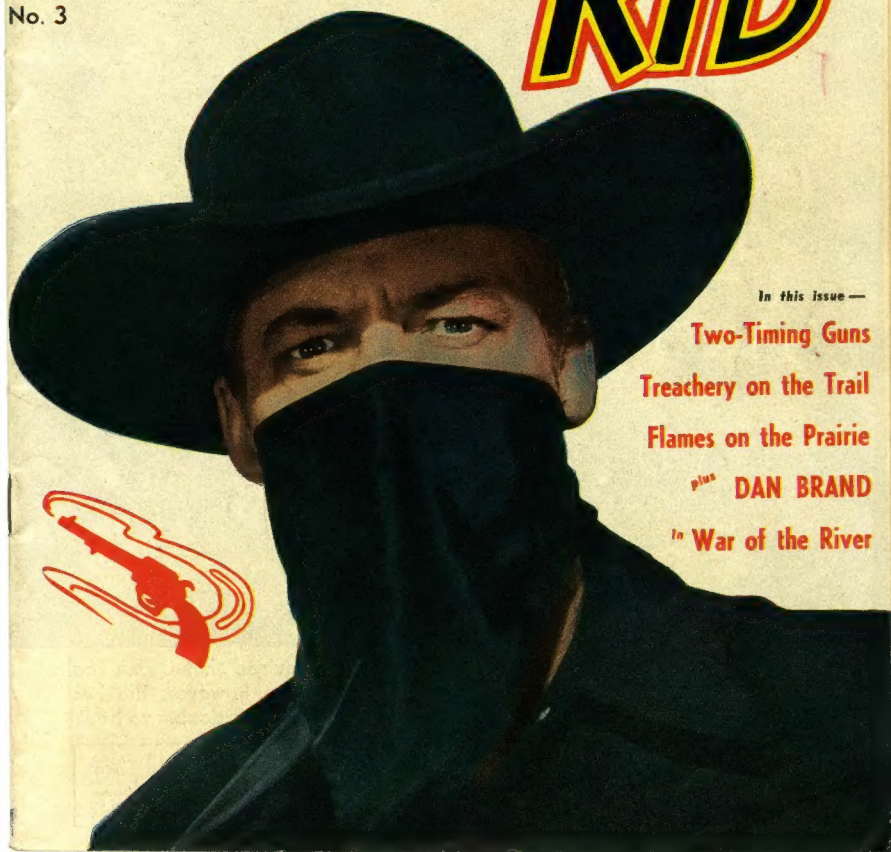
CHARLES STARRETT *as*

*The*  
**DURANGO**  
**KID**

No. 3

In this issue—

Two-Timing Guns  
Treachery on the Trail  
Flames on the Prairie  
*plus* DAN BRAND  
in War of the River





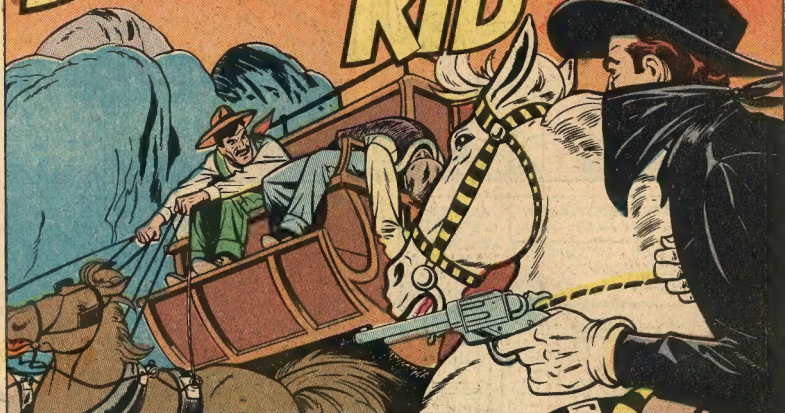
**DOUBLE EXPOSURE!** Sometimes Evil is so cleverly disguised that it can fool people into mistaking it for Good. As this picture shows, however, the bad ones never get away with it forever; and here Durango brings his double to book!

Charles Starrett as THE DURANGO KID. Feb.-March, 1950. Vol. 1, No. 3. Published bi-monthly by Magazine Enterprises, Inc. Publication office, 420 De Soto Ave., St. Louis 7, Mo.; Editorial and Executive offices, 11 Park Place, New York 7, N. Y. Publisher, Vincent Sullivan; Editor, Raymond C. Krank. Application for second-class entry is pending at the post office at St. Louis, Mo. Subscription in U.S.A., 75¢ for six issues. Entire contents copyrighted 1950 by Magazine Enterprises, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons and/or institutions, other than the title character, appearing in this magazine and those of any living or dead person or institution is intended and any such similarity that may exist is purely coincidental. Printed in the U.S.A.



# THE DURANGO KID

NOW PULL UP —  
OR THE NEXT  
SLUG GOES  
BETWEEN  
YOUR EYES!



**T**HE DURANGO KID—RIDING DOWN A STAGE! CAN IT BE? CAN WE BELIEVE OUR EYES? THE DURANGO KID—FIGHTER FOR JUSTICE, DEFENDER OF RIGHT—CAN SUCH A MAN BE A CRIMINAL? YET—WHAT ELSE WAS THERE TO BELIEVE WHEN A FAMILIAR BLACK-CLAD FIGURE ON A WHITE HORSE MURDERED AND ROBBED WITH RUTHLESS SAVAGERY, BLAZING BRUTAL TRACKS ACROSS THE PRAIRIE WITH ---

**TWO-TIMING GUNS!!**

THUH DURANGO KID! IT WUZ RUSTIN' LAST WEEK AND THIS WEEK IT'S STAGE ROBBIN'! YUH'RE GOIN' TUH SWING FROM A TREE YET, YUH POLECAT!

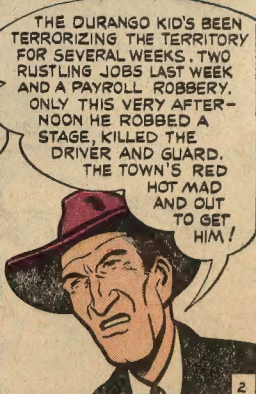
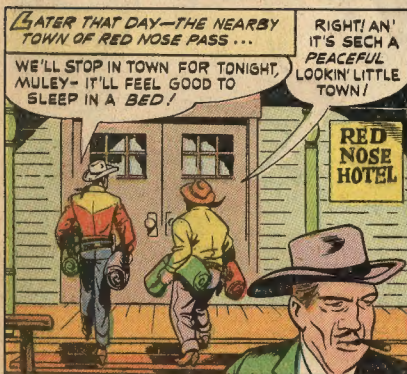


YOU TALK TOO MUCH. THIS OUGHT TO GIVE YOUR BLATHERING TONGUE A REST—FOREVER!



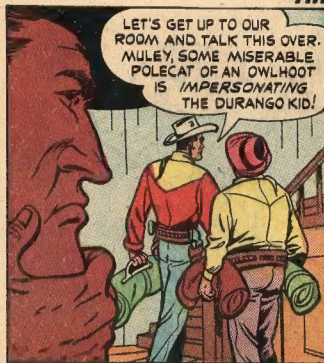


# THE DURANGO KID





## THE DURANGO KID



LET'S GET UP TO OUR ROOM AND TALK THIS OVER. MULEY, SOME MISERABLE POLECAT OF AN OWLHOOT IS IMPERSONATING THE DURANGO KID!



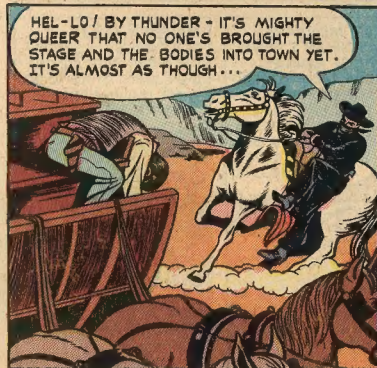
ONLY ONE THING TO DO, MULEY. THE **REAL** DURANGO KID IS GOING TO TAKE OVER! KEEP YOUR EYES AND EARS PEELED WHILE I'M GONE.

TAKE IT SLOW AN' KEERFUL, STEVIE BOY!

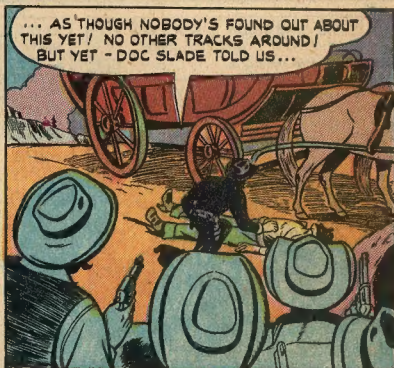


**AND, A SHORT WHILE LATER, A DARK FIGURE ON A WHITE HORSE FLEES WITH THE SPEED OF WIND DOWN THE POST ROAD -- THE DURANGO KID!**

NOW--IF I CAN FIND THE PLACE WHERE THAT STAGE ROBBERY TOOK PLACE THIS AFTERNOON--THE ONE DOC SLADE TOLD US ABOUT-- MAYBE I CAN LOOK AROUND THE AREA AND PICK UP A FEW CLUES.



HEL-LO! BY THUNDER - IT'S MIGHTY QUEER THAT NO ONE'S BROUGHT THE STAGE AND THE BODIES INTO TOWN YET. IT'S ALMOST AS THOUGH...



... AS THOUGH NOBODY'S FOUND OUT ABOUT THIS YET! NO OTHER TRACKS AROUND! BUT YET - DOC SLADE TOLD US...



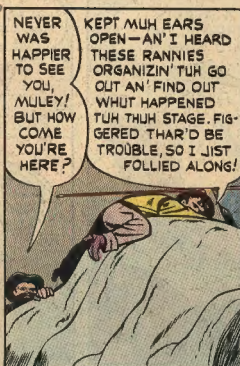
**FREEZE, DURANGO!** BY GUM, WE GOT YUH RIGHT IN THUH ACT THIS TIME--AN' YUH AIN'T GOIN' TUH GIT AWAY!



DON'T RIGHTLY KNOW EF'N WE OUGHTA TAKE YUH ALIVE, DURANGO. MEBBE WE'LL JIST SHOOT YUH DOWN LIKE THE DIRTY DOG YUH BE--- IN COLD BLOOD, LIKE YUH DONE THET DRIVER AN' GUARD!



## THE DURANGO KID





## THE DURANGO KID

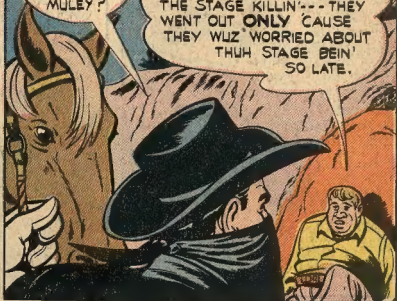
**A**ND AFTER A FEW THUNDERING MILES...

I THINK WE'VE SHAKEN THEM OFF, MULEY. LET'S HOLE UP IN THAT GULCH FOR A WHILE AND HAVE A POW-WOW!



YOU THINKING WHAT I'M THINKING, MULEY?

RECKON SO, PARDNER! THUH SHERIFF AN' HIS BOYS DIDN'T YET *KNOW* ABOUT THE STAGE KILLIN'-- THEY WENT OUT *ONLY* CAUSE THEY WUZ 'WORRIED ABOUT THUH STAGE BEIN' SO LATE.



AND YET--DOC SLADE TOLD US ABOUT IT JUST AN HOUR AFTER IT MUST HAVE HAPPENED! NOW HOW DID HE KNOW THAT? WAS HIS TELLING US ABOUT IT A SLIP OF THE TONGUE? I'VE GOT A LOT OF QUESTIONS FOR A CERTAIN GENT NAMED DOC SLADE!



DURANGO! I-I-AHHHHH...

MULEY: HEY, WHAT'S THE MATTER? MULEY!



YOU'RE WOUNDED! A SLUG IN YOUR SIDE! THE SHERIFF GOT YOU...AND YOU NEVER SAID A WORD!

JUST A SCRATCH-- T'AIN'T NUTHIN' I-UH-- UGH!



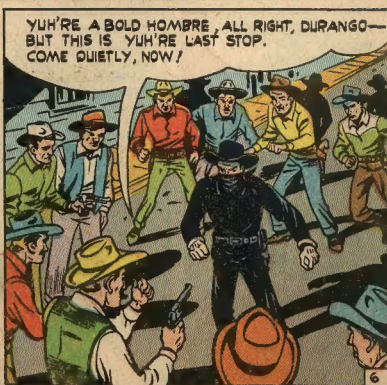
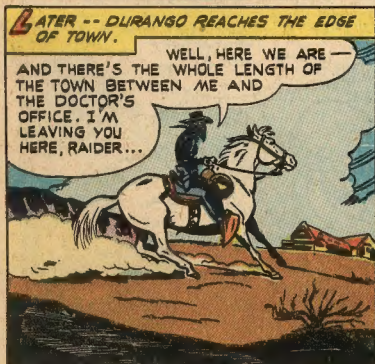
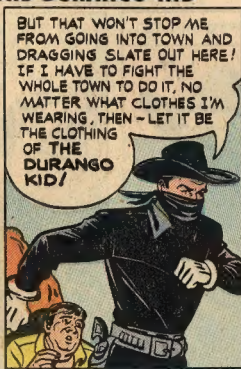
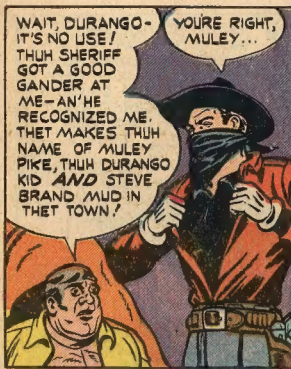
SCRATCH, MY EYE! THAT BULLET HAS TO BE DUG OUT! THUNDER! INFECTION'S SETTING IN ALREADY!



YOU NEED MEDICAL ATTENTION, MULEY--AND *QUICK*! I THINK A CERTAIN DOC SLADE IS GOING TO GET A VISIT FROM STEVE BRAND FOR MORE REASONS THAN ONE!

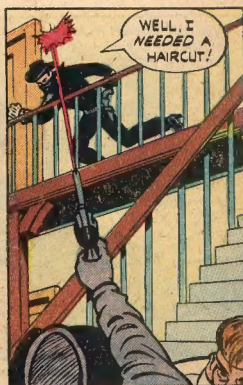


## THE DURANGO KID





# THE DURANGO KID



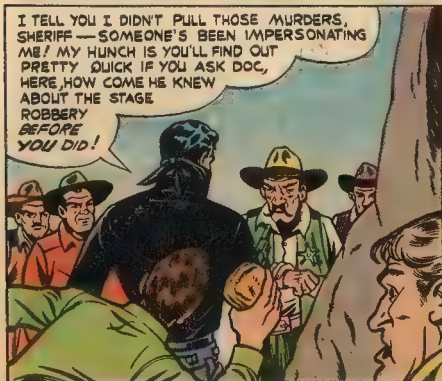
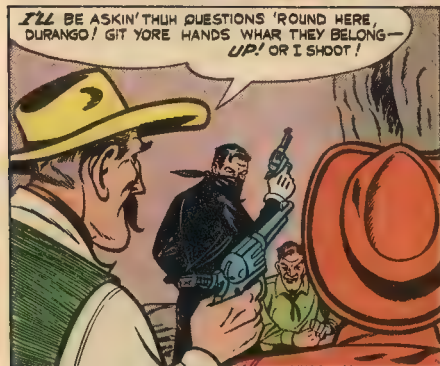


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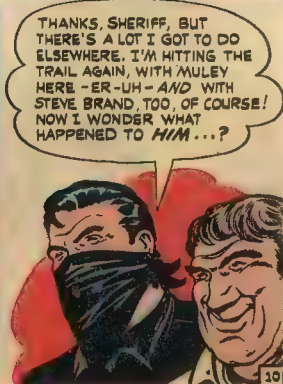
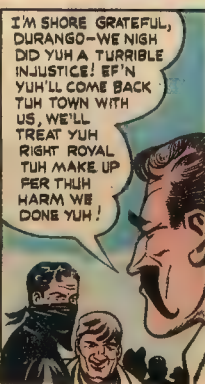
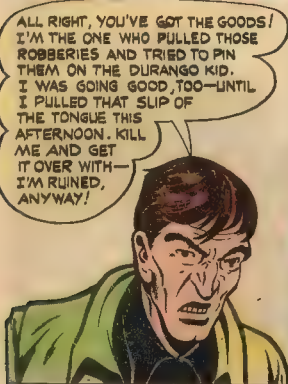




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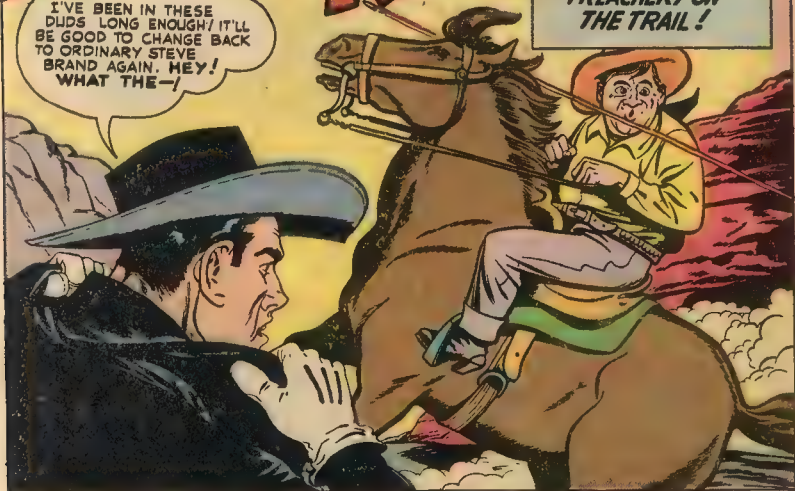


# THE DURANGO KID

# the DURANGO KID

**A** BEAUTIFUL WOMAN AND A RUTHLESS, MURDERING CRIMINAL—THOSE ARE THE INGREDIENTS THAT MAKE FOR SUSPENSE AND DRAMA ANYWHERE! ADD TO THESE THE FORTITUDINE AND IRON WILL OF THE DURANGO KID—AND YOU HAVE A BLAZING, PULSING, THUNDERING STORY OF A GREAT ORDEAL IN: **TREACHERY ON THE TRAIL!**

I'VE BEEN IN THESE DUDS LONG ENOUGH! IT'LL BE GOOD TO CHANGE BACK TO ORDINARY STEVE BRAND AGAIN. HEY! WHAT THE—!



SHOOTING! IT'S COMING FROM OVER THAT HILL!

I'LL WAIT RIGHT HERE! AIN'T IN NO MOOD TA GIT PLUGGED AG'IN!



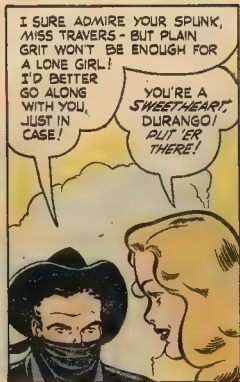
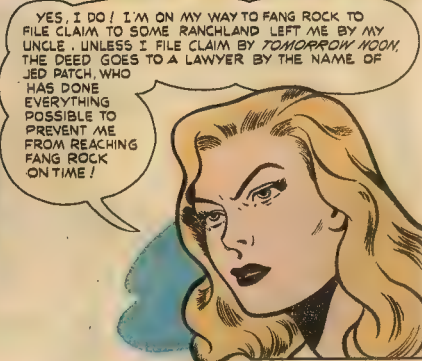
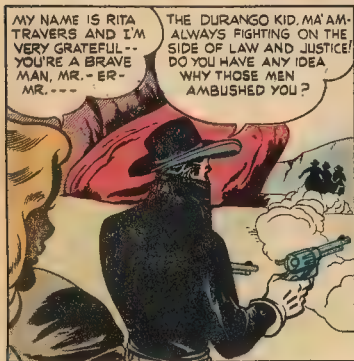
FOUR OWLHOOTS CLOSING IN ON A WOMAN!



**THUH DURANGO KID!** START SHOOTING FAST, MEN!

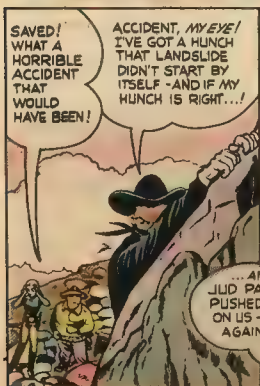
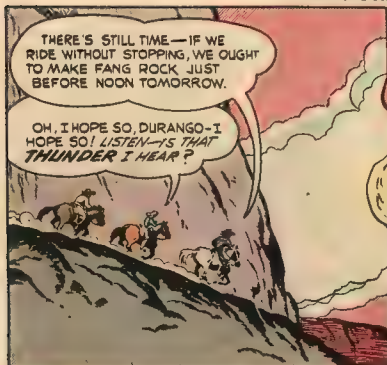


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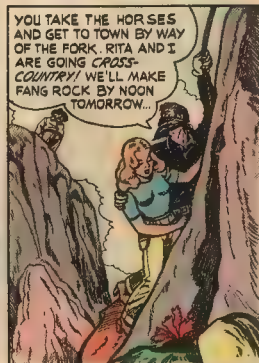
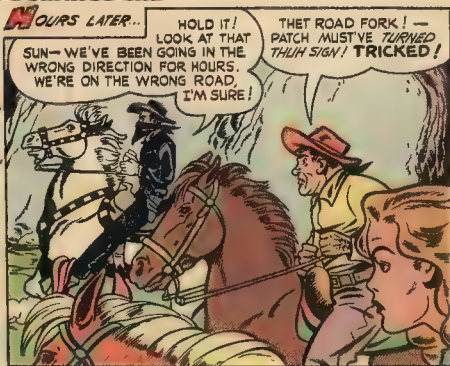
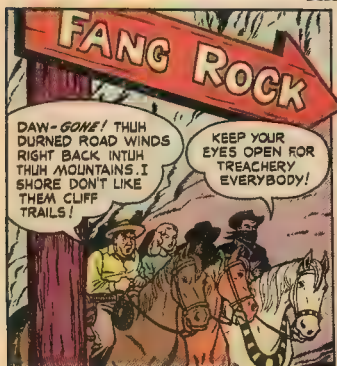




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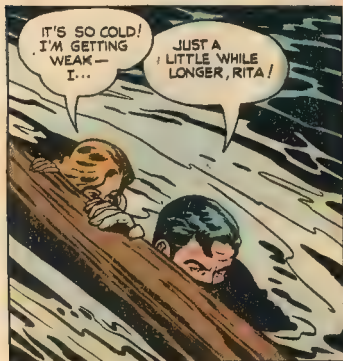


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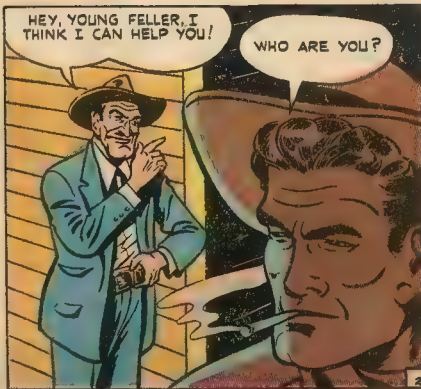
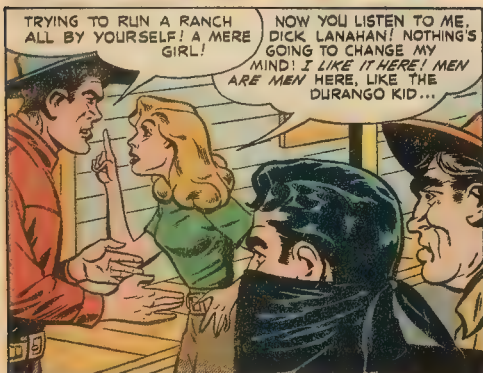




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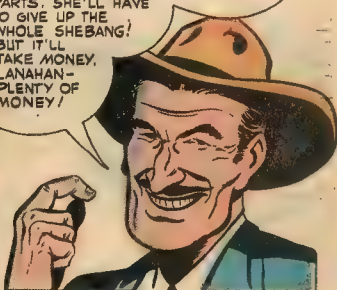
JUD PATCH IS THE NAME. I GOT IT IN FOR THE DURANGO KID. THAT'S WHY I'M WILLING TO HELP YOU OUT. NOW, NEITHER YOU OR I WANT YOUR GIRL FRIEND TO GET THAT RANCH - SO THAT MAKES US PALS, SEE?



NOW, LISTEN! SHE JUST BOUGHT A HERD OF BREEDER CATTLE TO START HER RANCH WITH. IT'S ON ITS WAY HERE RIGHT NOW. IF WE CAN BUY OFF THE GUYS BRINGING IN THAT HERD...



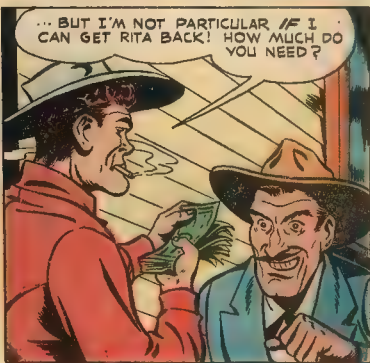
... YOUR GIRL-FRIEND WON'T BE ABLE TO GET HER RANCH GOING! AND, SINCE THESE ARE THE ONLY BREEDERS AVAILABLE IN THESE PARTS, SHE'LL HAVE TO GIVE UP THE WHOLE SHEBANG! BUT IT'LL TAKE MONEY. LANAHAN - PLENTY OF MONEY!



I DON'T LIKE YOUR LOOKS, MISTER...



... BUT I'M NOT PARTICULAR IF I CAN GET RITA BACK! HOW MUCH DO YOU NEED?



**A**ND, A SHORT TIME LATER...

WE OUGHT TO INTERCEPT THAT HERD JUST ABOUT HERE!



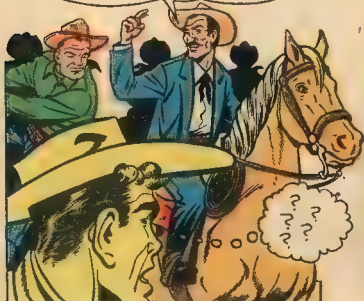
THERE IT IS!

GOOD! LET'S GO DOWN AND BUY THEM OFF!



# THE DURANGO KID

ALL RIGHT, MEN—START SETTING YOUR FIRES, NOW!



HEY, WHAT'S THE IDEA? THE WIND'S GOING TO DRIVE THAT FIRE RIGHT INTO THE HERD. YOU'LL KILL THOSE COWBOYS AND EVERY HEAD OF CATTLE!

YOU'RE WISING UP, MISTER!



ALL I WANT OUT OF YOU IS YOUR MONEY, SUCKER! AS FOR THE DURANGO KID AND YOUR GIRL FRIEND... I CAN TAKE CARE OF THEM MY OWN WAY!

WHAT A FOOL I'VE BEEN!



ALL RIGHT, MEN—TOSS HIM DOWN THERE, IN THE PATH OF THE FIRE! THAT'LL FINISH HIM OFF! ONE THOUSAND... ONE THOUSAND AND FIFTY...



MEANWHILE, FROM ANOTHER DIRECTION

IT'S BEST I STICK ALONG WITH YOU ON THIS TRIP TO MEET YOUR HERD—I'VE A FEELING WE HAVEN'T SEEN THE LAST OF PATCH YET...

DURANGO! LOOK! SMOKE!



A PRAIRIE FIRE! AN' IT'S HEADIN' RIGHT FER THUH HERD.

STICK WITH RITA, MULEY—I'M TAKING OFF!

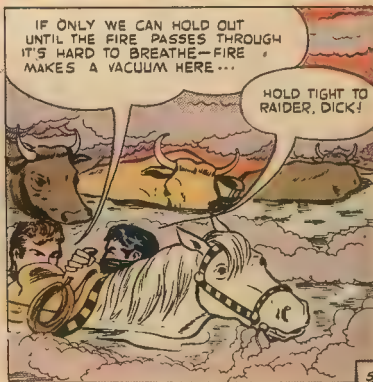
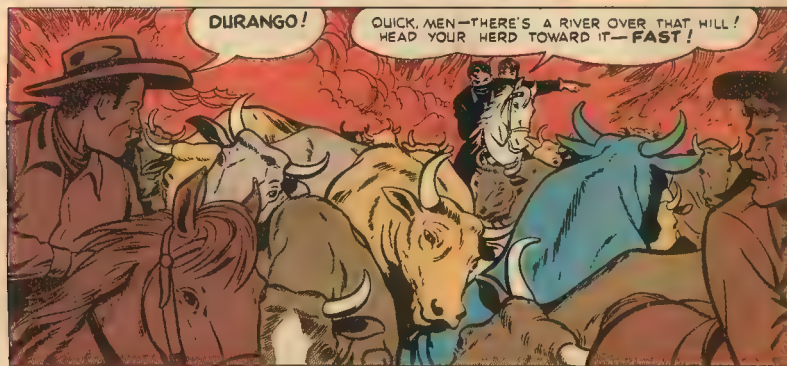


I THOUGHT I SAW A RIVER FROM THAT HILL! IF ONLY I CAN—STEADY, RAIDER!





## THE DURANGO KID



# THE DURANGO KID

**BUT, BACK TO RITA AND MULEY**

I CAN'T SEE ANYTHING BUT  
FIRE AND SMOKE!  
OH, I HOPE DURANGO  
IS ALL RIGHT!

EF IT WUZ  
JIST SOME  
OWLHOOTS, I  
WOULDN'T BE  
WORRIED. MISS-  
BUT A FIRE --  
GOSH!



STICK 'EM HIGH, SUCKERS!  
I'LL GIVE YOU *PLENTY* TO BE  
WORRIED ABOUT NOW!



THAT FOR YOU,  
CLOWN!

AND NOW, YOU'LL SIGN OVER  
YOUR RANCHLAND TO ME  
LIKE A GOOD  
GIRL.

NEVER!

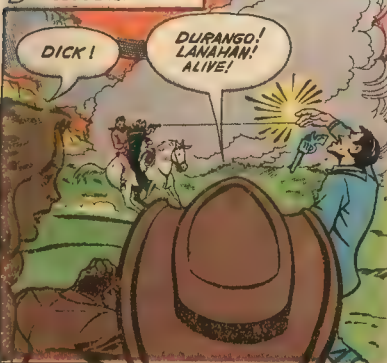


NEVER'S A LONG TIME,  
RITA! I SAY *NOW* - OR  
YOU BOTH GET DRILLED

SOB!



**BUT SUDDENLY**



DICK!

DURANGO!  
LANAHAN!  
ALIVE!



AND KICKING,  
PATCH!



## THE DURANGO KID



NEXT DAY, WITH PATCH AND HIS MEN SAFELY BEHIND BARS...



# THE KILLER AND THE KID

JOEY LOOKED UP sidewise at his Pop, fixing in his mind the exact details of the way his father stood, and then he adjusted his own position accordingly. He let his belly out a little and, because he was only twelve years old and his belly was lean and flat and hard, he had to arch his back a bit to get the right effect. He scowled, dug his toe into the hoof-churned earth, fingered an imaginary stubble on his chin, and nodded his head gravely.

Inside him, the excitement was gathering into a dancing lump he could hardly control. He listened eagerly to what the Sheriff, leaning loosely out of his saddle, was telling Pop.

"We got Bootsie trapped this time fer shore, Shanks. Almost had 'im in the gun fight this mornin' at thuh gulch. Took his bronc an' his gunbelt right off'n him. But thuh slippery owlhoot done got hisself through the gap an' hotfotted it 'cross thuh badlands. Got half muh men down thar, flushin' 'im this way. I need yore help."

"You got it, Sheriff," said Joey's father. He reached inside the cabin, picked his gunbelt off the hook near the door and began heading for his horse.

Joey followed.

The Sheriff nudged his mount alongside them. "T'ain't no cinch," he said, "We didn't get his gun, an' thuh cuss still got one slug left in it. An' Bootsie don't waste no lead!"

Mr. Shanks grunted and swung onto his bay. Joey grunted, too, and climbed the fleet and mischievous pinto that was his. The two men loped off to join the rest of the posse, with Joey and his pinto frolicking after.

But suddenly, upon reaching the others, both Mr. Shanks and the Sheriff reined in their mounts at the same time, sent each other a quizzical look and then turned in their saddles to gaze down at Joey.

"Jist tell me, button," rumbled the Sheriff, "whar in thunder be yuh fingerin' thuh go?"

"I'm comin' along," said Joey, sticking out his chin. But he could feel the lower lip trembling and the tears starting at the corners of

his eyes and the old, old feeling of shame and anger inside because he was being left out of things again.

"This here ain't no picnic fer babies," said the Sheriff. "Now yuh be a good kid an' stay whar yuh belong, out uv thuh way. Now jist vamoose, button!"

"I'm comin' along," Joey said again. But he knew he was losing.

The Sheriff looked at Mr. Shanks. Joey's father's eyes crinkled a bit and the corners of his mouth twitched. He looked steadily at his son. "Stay here, Joey," he said. Then he wheeled his horse and cantered off, knowing his word was law. Laughing, the Sheriff and his men followed.

The pinto arched his head around and regarded Joey with a questioning eye.

"Think they're big stuff 'cause they're grownup," Joey told the pinto as he led him back to the corral. "Why, doggone, Stinger—you an' me kin run little rings 'round them and their big clumsy old broncs any day!"

And later, as he sat on the stoop and traced circles in the dust with a finger, feeling very angry and righteous, he thought it all over again. When I grow up, he thought, I sure won't forget kids got feelings, too! Doggone—in lots of ways kids can do more than grown-ups. There's special jobs that kids kin do. I'm quicker than they are, I can get in and out of little places. I don't get tired so fast, kin keep movin' and runnin' all day, if I gotta—an' no aches an' pains thuh next day. Shucks, what's so big about them, anyway—'ceptin' their size? And their size sure kin be a handi-cap sometimes, too. No sir, I ain't gonna forget about kids when I grow up!

He froze when he saw the shadow on the ground. There was no need to look up. Something inside told him who it was. He heard the hard breathing and quite suddenly the top of his head began to itch and a wave of goose-pimples ran an icy tide down the back of his neck. The dusty but finely tooled boots appeared then just within the upper range of his vision and in a flash he saw the great gnarled hands reaching for him.

But the hands closed on empty air and there was a bark of surprise. Joey leaned against the doorway, where he had jumped, and hung onto the doorknob. For a panicky moment, he thought he was not going to get it open. But it gave.

Bootsie's eyes were red. The brush had scratched his face and torn his clothing so that trickles of clotted blood stained the great beery face and his vest hung in tatters from his mountainous shoulders.

"Look here, kid," Bootsie said, "I ain't goin' tuh hurt yuh—ef yuh keep yore yap shut." He moved for Joey, stroking the gun that was stuck into the belt of his levis.



## THE DURANGO KID

Joey backed into the cabin. Bootsie followed. "Lookie, kid, I jst want some food an' I'm on muh way. Now be a nice-kiddo—I ain't goin' tuh hurt yuh none."

Joey backed off, till he felt his rear bump against the irons of the fireplace. Bootsie kept coming on. Panic, fear, plans raced through Joey's head. Behind Bootsie he could see the door swinging open and shut with the breeze.

"Got one slug left," he remembered the Sheriff saying.

Suddenly, he looked past Bootsie's shoulders and yelled at the top of his voice, "POP!"

The gun flew into Bootsie's hand. He whirled and fired. And then, slowly, he lowered his gun, stupidly looking at the splintered door and the empty spaces beyond.

The man yelled a great yell of rage and turned, hurling the useless gun at Joey. Joey ducked and the gun clanged against the stone behind him. Bootsie lunged for him, but quick as lightning, Joey changed direction and slithered across the floor, feeling the man's hands fumble for his leg and miss. Then he was through the doorway, his heart pounding.

Bootsie dove for him, but he was no match for quick Joey. Dodging, grunting, lunging, he chased Joey all around the yard, but it was like a great bear trying to pin a will-o-the-wisp. Joey almost began to enjoy it.

"Come an' get me, yuh clumsy-footed ol' cow!" he yelled, standing just out of reach and dancing on his toes like a boxer.

The outlaw stopped and wiped the sweat off his face. Thickly, through his desperation, he began to realize that the shot he had thrown away would bring the posse back upon him. He had to get away, tarnation take the kid! He turned and lumbered off toward the woods beyond the cabin.

Joey watched his retreat with disñay. He had to keep the man there until the posse came back! He raced to the corral, leaped onto Stinger's back and clattered after Bootsie. He wheeled the pinto around in front of the stung owlhoot and sent him reeling back, out of reach of Stinger's flashing hoofs. Then he began running rings around the man. Cursing thickly, and eloquently, the outlaw ducked, rolled and came up reaching, trying to tear the boy off the saddle. He missed and his brain went solid red with rage. He lunged after the dancing little pony and its wiry rider, out to kill.

Finally, a great hairy paw lashed out as the pony flashed by, caught the boy's shirt and suddenly Joey found himself dangling in the air and being brought close to the wild face of the gunman. Bootsie brought his other hand up to Joey's neck.

Joey kicked, hard. His sharp pointed boot caught the gunman in the shin and, quick hot

tears of pain flooded the man's eyes. He dropped Joey like a hot branding-iron and hopped, yelling, on one leg. Joey lay sprawled on the ground, gasping for air. His hand felt a rock and suddenly, a quick image of David and Goliath flashing through his mind, he stood, took careful aim, and hurled. The rock caught Bootsie square on the forehead.

The outlaw looked surprised. For a moment it almost seemed that he grinned stupidly. Then his eyes rolled up and he fell flat on his face, still.

Some minutes later, when the Sheriff, Joey's Pop, and the others came thundering into the yard, they saw a strange sight that brought them up short with a yell. Joey, mounted on Stinger, was hauling the outlaw around the yard like a roped steer. The lariat was tied to both of Bootsie's feet and the outlaw, screaming frustration, was trying to squirm loose—a futile operation, for every time he moved, Joey and Stinger would pull him, bouncing for a distance across the yard.

"Wal, I'll be a short-nosed, blitherin', cross-branded spalpeen!" roared the Sheriff. He dismounted, cut loose the outlaw, who by now was weeping like a baby, and motioned to the deputies to keep the man covered.

Mr. Shanks silently got off his horse, went over to Joey, lifted him off the saddle and looked down at him as though he had never seen his son before.

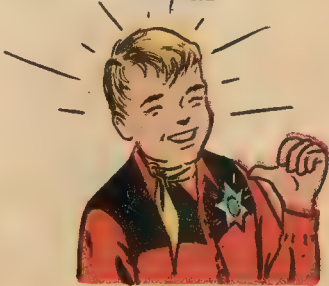
Joey suddenly, then, not knowing why, got scared. He started to shiver. Tears filled his eyes. "Yuh see?" he asked, "Yuh see? Kids are good for somethin'!" That was all he could think of to say.

Mr. Shanks and the Sheriff looked down at the boy with wonder, a gentle warmth nudging their hearts softly.

"In lots uv ways," said the Sheriff at last, scratching his head, "they're a whole lot better than most!"

And he took the Deputy Sheriff badge of one of his own men and solemnly pinned it on Joey's chest!

THE END



# Dan Brand and Tipi

DRUMS! SMOKE SIGNALS!  
THEY'RE CALLING A  
COUNCIL OF WAR!  
WE'VE GOT TO STOP  
THAT, TIFI! LET'S GO!

WITH YOU,  
BROTHER!

THE BEAT OF LOG DRUMS  
THROB LIKE A HEART PULSE  
THROUGH THE BACKWOODS  
WILDERNESS. DOTTED CLOUDS  
OF SMOKE SIGNAL THE CALL  
OF THE TRIBES. THE OMINOUS,  
PERVADING SILENCE FORETELLS  
THE BATTLE, THE KILLING, THE  
FLAMING PASSIONS TO COME!  
DAN BRAND AND TIFI, INTREPID  
TRAILBLAZERS OF OUR  
COUNTRY'S EARLY HISTORY,  
CAN SENSE THIS LURKING  
TERROR IN THE AIR! THEIR  
EYES AND EARS FINELY  
TUNED TO THE SIGNS OF  
COMING HORROR, THEY  
MAKE FAST AND HARD  
DECISIONS IN—  
"THE WAR OF THE RIVER!"

Frank Frazetta

AT THE INDIAN CAMP CHIEF WARNING THUNDER SPEAKS...

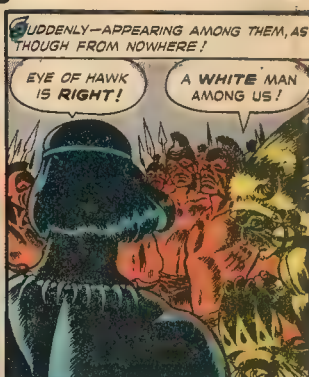
WARRIORS! OUR SCOUTS REPORT A GREAT TRIBE  
OF WHITE SETTLERS COMING OVER THE MOUNTAIN  
HEIGHTS, ENTERING OUR  
BELOVED LAND! MY  
BRAVES, WE MUST  
TAKE THE WARPATH  
AGAINST THEM!

KILL! KILL THEM ALL! IF WE DO NOT, THEY  
WILL SOON TAKE OUR LANDS AWAY FROM US,  
LIKE ALL THE WHITES!  
KILL! KILL! STRIKE NOW!

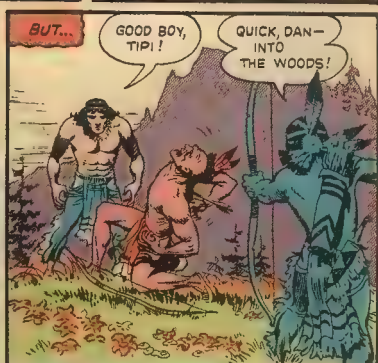
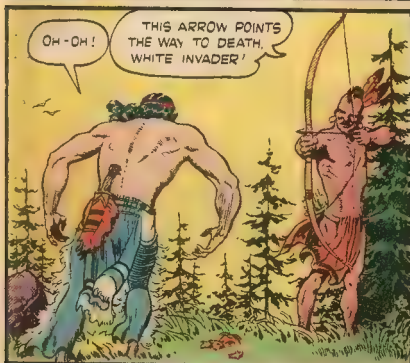
KILL!



## THE DURANGO KID



# THE DURANGO KID





## THE DURANGO KID

DAN TELLS HIS STORY...

...AND SO I WARN YOU NOT TO TAKE THE TRAILS. YOU'LL GET AMBUSHED AND MASSACRED FOR SURE! THEY'RE OUT TO KILL!

WE COME THIS FAR, AN' BY GUM, WE AIN'T TURNIN' BACK! WE AIM TO SETTLE ON THEM RICH LANDS DOWN ALONG THE RIVER! TELL US WHAT TO DO, DAN BRAND!

THEN SETTLE ON THOSE LANDS YOU SHALL! HAVE ALL ABLE-BODIED MEN GRAB THEIR AXES AND FOLLOW ME!

DAN LEADS THE SETTLERS TO A NEARBY PINE FOREST AND SOON A MIGHTY ACTIVITY CLAMORS THROUGH THE WILDERNESS...

TIM-BER!

AND SOON, STRANGE-LOOKING CRAFT BEGIN TO TAKE SHAPE AT THE RIVER'S EDGE.

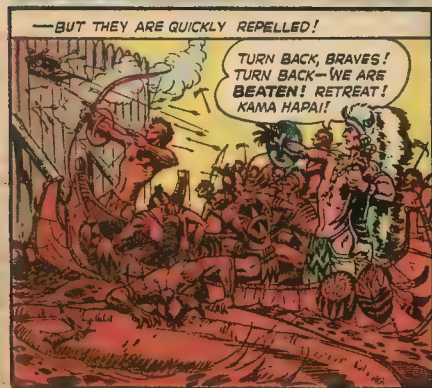
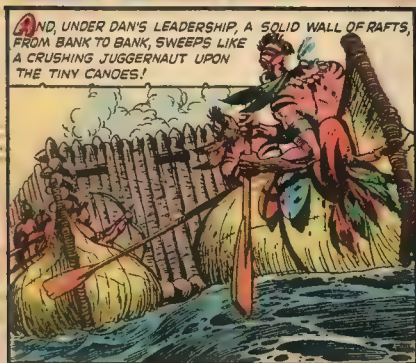
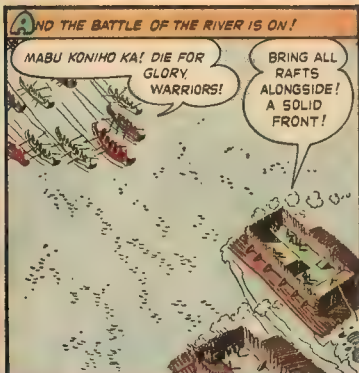
ONE HUNDRED FEET LONG! THAT SHOULD BE BIG ENOUGH FOR A COUPLE OF FAMILIES, CATTLE AND ALL! NOW LET US BUILD WALLS—THESE WILL BE **FLOATING FORTS**!

THE FIRST FLEET OF "FORTIFIED RAFTS" FLOATS DOWN THE RIVER WITH THE CURRENT!

WE'RE OFF!

THIS IS NO GUARANTEE THAT WE WON'T BE ATTACKED, EVEN ON THE RIVER—BUT WE'LL HAVE A BETTER CHANCE TO DEFEND OURSELVES THIS WAY!

# THE DURANGO KID





# THE DURANGO KID



SOME WAY MUST BE FOUND TO BRING **PEACE!** LET'S GO, **TIP!**

WITH YOU, **BROTHER!**



THIS MAY COST US OUR LIVES, **LITTLE BROTHER!**

SWIM ON, **DAN!**



THEY OUGHT TO REASSEMBLE FARTHER DOWN THE RIVER AND HAVE A POW-WOW. WE ARE GOING TO WALK RIGHT INTO THE MIDDLE OF THAT COUNCIL!



AT THAT MOMENT, WARNING THUNDER CALLS HIS BEATEN WARRIORS TO A COUNCIL OF WAR.

FROM THIS POINT WE WILL RAIN ARROWS DOWN UPON THE SETTLERS!

**NO!** WE HAVE HAD ENOUGH OF SLAUGHTER—LET THERE BE PEACE!



ACCORDING TO OUR TRADITIONS, A DEFEATED CHIEF IS NO LONGER CHIEF! THEREFORE, I, **EYE OF HAWK**—AM YOUR NEW LEADER! AND I SAY TO MAKE PEACE WITH THE WHITE MEN!

HE IS RIGHT—IT IS OUR LAW!



BUT SOME LAWS MUST BE BROKEN! AND THE SKULLS OF COWARDS MUST BE BROKEN! DIE, **EYE OF HAWK**—**DIE!**



BUT, SUDDENLY, FROM THE BUSHES—JUST IN TIME—!

THE **WHITE INVADER!**



# THE DURANGO KID

I WANTED TO TALK PEACE—  
BUT IF IT'S A FIGHT YOU WANT...



THEN IT'S FIGHT  
YOU'LL GET!



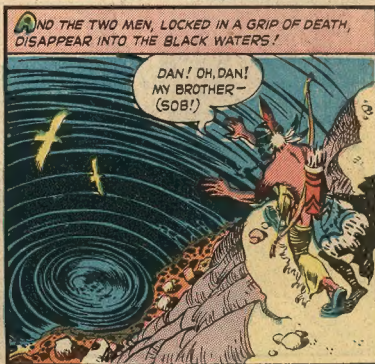
I WILL DIE, WHITE MAN—FOR LIFE  
IS OVER FOR ME. I HAVE LOST  
A BATTLE AND I AM NO  
LONGER CHIEF...



... BUT YOU DIE WITH ME!  
MA-BO DAKINO RA! ANCESTORS,  
I COME!



AND THE TWO MEN, LOCKED IN A GRIP OF DEATH,  
DISAPPEAR INTO THE BLACK WATERS!



DAN! OH, DAN!  
MY BROTHER—  
(SOB!)

BUT—AFTER WHAT SEEMS LIKE AN ETERNITY—  
ONE MAN RISES!

IT'S DAN!  
IT'S THE WHITE  
MAN—THE SETTLERS'  
WARRIOR!



I HAVE KILLED  
ONE OF YOUR CHIEFS—  
YET I SAY I COME  
IN PEACE!

I BELIEVE YOU, DAN BRAND—  
FOR YOU SAVED MY LIFE! AND  
I SWEAR, MY FRIEND—THAT AS  
LONG AS I AM CHIEF, THERE  
WILL BE PEACE AND FRIEND-  
SHIP!







CHARLES STARRETT, in his famous role of **THE DURANGO KID**, demonstrates an old saying—namely, that although a good man may be down, he is not always necessarily out!

IF YOU LIKE **THE DURANGO KID**, WATCH FOR HIM AT YOUR LOCAL THEATRES! THREE OF HIS LATEST MOTION PICTURE THRILLERS ARE: **BANDITS OF EL DORADO** — **RENEGADES OF THE SAGE** — AND **FRONTIER OUTPOST**! DON'T MISS THEM!



GEE what a build!  
Didn't it take a long  
time to get those muscles?

No SIR! - ATLAS  
Makes Muscles Grow  
**FAST!**

# Will You Let Me PROVE Can Make YOU a New Man?

LET ME START SHOWING RESULTS FOR YOU



**5 inches  
of new  
Muscle**

"My arms increased  
1½" chest 2½" fore-  
arm ½" - C.S.W.Va.



**What a  
difference!**

"Have put  
3½" on chest (nor-  
mal) and 2½" ex-  
panded." - F.S.N.Y.



**Here's what ATLAS  
did for ME!**

**John Jacobs  
BEFORE**      **John Jacobs  
AFTER**



**For quick results  
I recommend  
CHARLES  
ATLAS**

"Am sending snapshot  
showing wonderful pro-  
gress." - W.G.N.Y.

**GAINED  
29  
POUNDS**

"When I started,  
weighed only 141.  
Now 170."  
- T.K.N.Y.

## CHARLES ATLAS

Awarded the  
title of "The  
World's Most  
Perfectly De-  
veloped Man" in  
international  
contest—in  
competition with  
400 men who  
would consent to  
appear against  
him.

This is a re-  
cent photo of  
Charles Atlas.  
This is not a  
studio picture  
but an actual  
untouched snap-  
shot.

## Here's What Only 15 Minutes a Day Can Do For You

DON'T care how old or young you are, or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. If you can simply raise your arm and flex it I can add **SOLID MUSCLE** to your biceps—yes, on each arm—in double-quick time! Only 15 minutes a day—right in your own home—is all the time I ask of you! And there's no cost if I fail.

I can broaden your shoulders, strengthen your back, develop your whole muscular system **INSIDE and OUTSIDE!** I can add inches to your chest, give you a vise-like grip, make those legs of yours lithe and powerful. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs, help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling! Before I get through with you I'll have your whole frame "measured" to a nice, new beautiful suit of muscle!

### What's My Secret?

"Dynamic Tension!" That's the ticket! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny, skinny-chested weakling I was at 17 to my present super-man

physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with. When you have learned to develop your strength through "Dynamic Tension" you can laugh at artificial muscle makers. You simply utilize the **DORMANT** muscle-power in your own God-given body—watch it increase and multiply double-quick into real solid **LIVE MUSCLE**.

My method—"Dynamic Tension"—will turn the trick for you. No theory—every exercise is practical. And, man, so easy! Spend only 15 minutes a day in your own home. From the very start you'll be using my method of "Dynamic Tension" almost unconsciously every minute of the day—walking, bending over, etc.—to **BUILD MUSCLE and VITALITY**.

## FREE BOOK

### "Everlasting Health and Strength"

In it I talk to you in straight-from-the-shoulder language. Packed with inspirational pictures of myself and pupils—fellows who became NEW MEN in strength, my way. Let me show you what I helped THEM do. See what I can do for YOU! For a real thrill, send for this book today—at ONCE, CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 10, 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, New York.

**CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 1961  
115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.**

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name..... Age.....  
(Please print or write plainly)

Address .....

City..... State.....